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THE CHILD OF THE FOREST.

AMONG the many miseries to which the beautiful country of France was subjected, during the dreadful years of the Great Revolution, was that of brigandage. In the dark, heavy atmospheres of the cities, murder, pillage, and famine were rife; in the pure air of the country, and in the frontiers, bloody warfare was carried on, and in places remote from the great centres of population, there existed bands of brigands which spread terror among the peaceful inhabitants of the agricultural districts.

Of these bands, none were more remarkable than that known as the 'Chauffeurs.' It was thus called, because the method used by these malefactors for torturing helpless farmers was that of placing the feet of their victims before a hot fire until they confessed where their money was hidden.

The whole band was brought to justice at Chartres, through the instrumentality of a small child; and the circumstances supplied that ancient town with the spectacle of a most extraordinary criminal prosecution, the accused numbering no less than one hundred and ten persons, who all appeared in the dock together.

It was in the midst of the Revolution that these degraded ruffians were brought to justice. In order to have them all placed before the jury at the same time, a large church in the centre of the town was converted, for the time, into a court-house; and each morning, during the trial, the culprits were taken from the prison, and conveyed thither in a long procession, strongly guarded by mounted gendarmes and foot-soldiers.

At the head of the column, according to an eye-witness, the celebrated lawyer, Berryer, there walked a powerfully built red-haired man, of a decidedly repulsive aspect, who was the avowed chief of the band. He had, on this occasion, been brought from the hulks at Brest, where he was already undergoing punishment,

so that he might be placed with the others before the judges. Beyond the dock, in what, on better occasions, proved the aisle of the church, were installed the witnesses and numerous victims who had managed to escape with their lives from the outrages of these villains that had been discovered to be inhabitants of the forest of Orgères.

About thirty-five miles from the town of Chartres, near the district known as Le Vendomois, there is a vast forest of great antiquity, still called by its ancient name, the Forêt d'Orgères. In one of the thickest depths of this wood, some extensive limestone quarries had been worked in former ages, and had supplied an enormous amount of fine building stone, that, for instance, with which the cathedral of Chartres was built. These quarries were afterwards abandoned, and in course of time, thieves and vagrants began to use them as a hiding-place. After a while, a complete colony of vagabonds of the worst description took up their usual abode there. This state of things appears to have existed for many years, until, quite unknown to the authorities, a very large concourse of men, women, and children of the most destitute and degraded classes had made this locality their regular home.

When the wives of the men were admitted, the strictest rules were enacted, and adhered to by the whole gang, under pain of death. There was a kind of chief or governor, and a set of laws, adapted to the dreadful profession, these men followed. Their usual plan was to rob systematically and in separate bands. They had orders from the chief to commit these robberies at any cost, under pain of death. They had numbers of agents dispersed through the provinces, whose occupation was to watch isolated mansions and farms, taking careful note of those which were easiest to plunder, and communicating their observations to the band in the old quarries. The chief, and a few of his intimate associates, then held council in the

caverns, and delegated a certain number of men to go and secure the booty.

It was proved that they often went to work in the most insidious manner, gaining admittance as labourers, or on the plea of hospitality, to some secluded dwelling indicated by the agent. They then suddenly secured all the farm-servants, and threatened the proprietor and his wife with instant death, unless they at once delivered up all the valuables they possessed. Torture of various kinds was resorted to on such occasions to extract an avowal of the places where the money was hidden; but the usual method was to light a large fire, and hold to it the feet of the poor victims until they confessed what they had, and where it was. It was generally the women who were subjected to this horrible treatment, and the band of the 'Chauffeurs' was intensely dreaded by the entire farm population of this part of the country.

From time to time a few of these men had been captured by the police, and sent with life sentences to the galleys; even the chief of the band had not escaped; yet the robberies and murders continued to be reported, and no one knew whence the villains emanated, nor could a single one of those taken have the fact of his having had recourse to torture placed in evidence against him. As to the great cavern in the deserted quarries, nobody appears to have ever heard of its existence, and the most acute police-officer had no idea where the stolen property went, except that it appeared, now and then, to have been sold in small lots at a time, in various village fairs, far distant from the places where it was stolen.

The mystery surrounding the headquarters of this band of brigands was at length solved by a most singular accident.

Early one morning, two gendarmes were riding along the outskirts of the forest of Orgères, when one of them perceived in this desolate district, many miles from any inhabited place, a small boy about six or eight years of age. He called his companion's attention to this circumstance, and their surprise was all the greater, because the child's dress struck them as peculiar. One of the gendarmes got off his horse, went a little way into the wood, and beckoned to the boy, who soon approached, for he was hungry, and asked them to give him something to eat. They told him that if he would go along with them he should soon have a good breakfast, and to this he very readily consented. He was at once placed on the saddle, in front of one of the gendarmes. They then rode off, and when they had arrived at the nearest village, they entered an inn, and ordered a breakfast for the half-starved urchin. Whilst the famished boy was eating, the police-officers observed him closely, and were not long in remarking that he put everything that happened to be within reach in his pockets. Two teaspoons, a fork, and a corkscrew soon disappeared in this manner whilst he was devouring his food. The boy did this, apparently, without the least notion that he was doing anything wrong.

At last one of the gendarmes asked him why he took these things, but he merely replied

that he liked them, or something to that effect. No other reason could be extracted from him by the most skilful interrogatory, nor could he be made to understand that there was any harm at all in what he had done. His father, he said, brought home things like these to his mother almost every day, and she never scolded him.

When the two police-officers had somewhat recovered from the surprise which this conduct had occasioned, they both came to the conclusion that this boy must be the offspring of some professional thieves, who had brought him up in the forest. After the little vagabond had had a glass of wine, he became very loquacious, and told his companions that he lived in a great cavern under the ground, in the heart of the forest, with a number of people, besides his father and mother; that he had several playmates there about his own age, some of whom had bullied and teased him so much that he had determined to run away; the more so, as his father and mother were very cross, and did not give him all he wanted.

The two gendarmes imagined that by taking charge of this child of the forest the authorities might eventually succeed in tracing, through him, some of the vagabonds whom, as he told them, lived in the great subterranean cavern that was now heard of for the first time. They therefore told the boy that as long as he remained with them, and behaved himself well, he should have plenty to eat, and lots of things to play with, but he must promise not to take anything except what they gave him; and they made him understand that if he would quietly point out to them any of the people of the cavern whom he might see in the villages or on the roads, they would give him a son for every person he was able to show them.

The child seemed to be thoroughly content with the bargain. He was then washed, and dressed in a new suit of clothes, so that it would have been almost impossible for even his own parents to recognise him. Thus disguised, the police-officers took him to various markets and fairs in the surrounding villages, and placing him beside a woman, who passed as his nurse or governess, gave him the opportunity of indicating to them every individual he had seen in the forest.

In the course of a few days, several arrests were made, and before many weeks had elapsed, a considerable number of thieves of the very worst description were thus taken. These arrests went on, steadily increasing, and the course adopted was so effective that the child of the forest had been nicknamed 'General Finfin' by the police-officers engaged in the business.

It is a singular coincidence, noted by the great lawyer above named, that among the very large number of individuals captured in this manner, and brought to justice, neither the father nor the mother of the child were to be discovered among the culprits. Either they never left the cavern at all, or the child took good care not to point them out to the police.

Finally, the cavern itself, then deprived of all its vile inhabitants, was discovered, and soon after the condemnation of the thieves, some

masons from the town of Chartres were ordered to brick up the entrance. What eventually became of the child of the forest is not recorded; doubtless the gendarmes, who managed this business so well, saw that he was provided for. In this curious manner France was rid of one of a systematic and desperate band of burglars.

A LOCAL VIEW.

CHAPTER VI. (continued).

At the same time that Farnley was calling on the officer, Mr Fairfield was opening his morning letters in another part of Croham. According to his custom, he had put aside a few that he knew to be private by the addresses, whilst he read the others and handed them, one by one, with brief instructions to Mr Brock, the confidential clerk. This person stood by the table, pale and nervous. Latterly, it had been remarked in the solicitor's office that Mr Brock's look had undergone a great change. He was preoccupied and unhappy, and in his employer's presence he no longer possessed that deferential ease which was the privilege of a confidential position. It did not add to Brock's comfort to know that Mr Fairfield was aware of this change, without appearing to notice it. The fact was, that, on learning from Mrs Dalton of Frederick Farnley's generosity to the clerk in a time of difficulty, Mr Fairfield had questioned him coldly, but closely, as to that matter, and as to his general relations with the young man. The information elicited from the frightened clerk—who looked more frightened than the circumstances seemed to demand—the solicitor had received without comment; and his silence since then wore an ominous look. As the clerk stood by his employer this morning, his restless eyes more than once glanced with furtive uneasiness at the few private letters that lay aside, unopened.

The business correspondence having been dealt with, Mr Brock withdrew with the papers. Mr Fairfield opened the others. The first, from Mrs Dalton, he read without apparent surprise or disappointment. The second, the cover of which bore the name of a well-known South African steamship company, he perused with deeper interest. Mr Fairfield seldom had need to read a letter a second time, but he did it in this case; and with the significant interjection 'Ah!' he folded the sheet, replaced it in its envelope, and put it in his pocket. It was a very important communication indeed. He at once wrote, and sent by messenger, a line to Mrs Dalton, saying that he proposed calling in the evening at six.

Farnley was there when the note arrived, and he heard of the proposed visit with evident indifference. That he made no remark at all, and maintained the good-humour he had been in since his arrival, pleased the two ladies very much, because for a moment they had feared he might behave differently in view of what had happened the preceding day. The young man's manner clearly showed that, whatever might be the object of the lawyer's visit,

the question of the marriage was now finally settled.

Farnley went home after luncheon, but returned about half-past four, and had tea with the ladies. He was preparing to go away again when he made the remark:

'It is so delightful this morning, after the shower, that I would like to take Mary for a walk, only that Mr Fairfield is coming.'

'But Mr Fairfield is not coming to see me,' the girl answered at once, anxious to please her lover.

'Very well,' he said brightly, 'get that pretty straw hat you look so nice in, and we will start.—We shall not be very long, Mrs Dalton.'

They went through Crownley, calling at several shops; and then they wandered on into Croham. In the main street they stopped at a stationer's, and here, after some pretty blushing and resistance, Farnley obtained the girl's shy consent to his leaving an order for the printing of their new visiting-cards. Mary's face was very pink and warm indeed when she saw her name for the first time written 'Mrs Frederick Farnley.' Farnley laughed, and privately pressed her fingers.

As they were about to leave the shop, a singular thing happened. Some trays lay on a counter, filled with photographs, and to one of them a label was attached, bearing the words 'Local Views.' Mary Dalton turned a few of them over indifferently (she was not interested particularly in Croham), but, on a sudden, exclaimed:

'Oh, Freddie! here is our house, I declare.'

The shopwoman explained that the collection contained several views in and about Crownley. They had been taken by a travelling artist, who had only that morning left them on commission.

Yes, that was certainly Mrs Dalton's house, and a good picture too, which at once was retained as a purchase. There were others also, of less interest; but a view of the vicarage, with the church a little beyond, drew another exclamation of pleasure from Mary Dalton.

'There is the door wide open—and all the windows—as dear uncle liked them to be. And—can that be Mrs Atkins peeping from the dining-room window—I declare, with a bonnet on?'

Farnley took the photograph from her hand, and glanced at it. Mary did not notice the deadly pallor that crept over his face—but the shopwoman did. He was observed to shut his lips tightly, and give two or three quick respirations, like pants.

'Well,' he remarked, retaining the photograph, and commencing to toss the others about on the tray, 'we will take all the views of your house and the church.'

'Not all, Freddie?'

'Yes,' he answered, 'I want to send some away. How many have you?' he asked the woman.

They were picked out, six of the house, and only five of the church. One, it was explained, had been sold.

'To whom?' he quickly asked, with curious interest.

The woman did not know, but made in-

quiries of her daughter in a room off the shop. The sixth photograph of the church had been purchased half an hour ago by Mr Wilkinson, the superintendent of the police—who, it was added, had asked where the artist was to be found, and had been told that he was probably still in Croham.

The photographs were paid for, and stuffed in Farmley's pocket. A little way down the street, Mary Dalton glanced up in his face, and uttered a little cry of alarm.

'You are ill!' she said. 'Freddie, what is it?'

With some muttered words, and a look almost fierce, he darted into a public-house, leaving her standing amazed, and a little ashamed, on the pavement. He soon emerged, looking like a man half intoxicated, and held up his hand to a passing cab.

'I am—ill,' he said to Mary Dalton, but without looking at her. 'I must drive home.'

So saying, he climbed into the cab, flung himself back, and was driven away.

The girl, amazed by the whole affair, became conscious when she found herself standing on the footpath the object of curious interest to some men who came out of the public-house and were standing at the door. Blushing deeply, she walked on homeward, but had not proceeded far when she was overtaken by Mr Fairfield, driving in the same direction. The solicitor took her up beside him, with a few words of commonplace courtesy, and talked only of the weather during the few minutes that elapsed before they reached Mrs Dalton's house.

Gently, but very decisively, the solicitor demonstrated to Mrs Dalton and her daughter, a few minutes later, that the wedding must not take place. He used no arguments, except facts. That letter from the steamship office armed him with authority which had to be obeyed. These were his facts, and their effect may be left to the imagination of the reader, who, perhaps, will be of Mr Fairfield's opinion that, in the circumstances, directness of speech was kindest as well as wisest.

Frederick Farmley had notified that he was coming home by the *Ross Castle*, sailing from Cape Town, 25th of June. He was not a passenger by that vessel.

But he was a passenger by a steamer of another line, the *Negro*, which arrived at Southampton, the 30th of June. The alleged letter (burnt) of the late vicar, dated 4th of July, was therefore a fabrication. No letter had been received at Southampton addressed to Farmley, on either steamer.

Farmley's movements between 30th of June and 12th of July (date of arrival of *Ross Castle* and of his appearance at home), were now being investigated.

The effect of this communication, and of that which it dimly but portentously shadowed, was, on the part of Mary Dalton, different from what might have been expected. Sitting on the floor by her mother's feet, pale and stunned, she was probably incapable of realising what she had heard. The occurrence in Croham, which was unknown to the others, added to

her mental confusion. Mrs Dalton went to the door with the solicitor, who said to her quietly, 'Take the child to her room, and leave her alone.'

This was done, and Mary Dalton was left undisturbed (though the mother went often to her door) until past nine o'clock. She was then asleep, on a moistened pillow, with but a little of the colour back in her cheeks. Mrs Dalton lay down softly beside her, grateful in her heart of hearts for a great mercy; and they both slept, unconscious of the news the servants were discussing in whispers below.

(To be continued.)

A CHAT ABOUT BARRISTERS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

THE Law List for this year discloses the fact that there are over eight thousand gentlemen now living who have been 'called to the Bar.' Of these, two hundred and twenty-three are Queen's Counsel, the rest being ordinary barristers, known variously as 'juniors' or 'stuffgownsmen.' The Q.C. wears a silk gown, somewhat plainly made, with a broad and deep collar. Hence the saying that So-and-so 'has taken silk.' The junior is distinguished by a gown which, though it is made of a less expensive material, is much more elaborately fashioned—reminding one of the old-time smock-frock.

Of late years, the proportion of foreigners appearing in the list has considerably increased, gentlemen bearing the most unpronounceable names (one rejoicing in a string of seven such), and hailing from India, Persia, Egypt, and other parts of Asia and Africa, figuring to about eight per cent. Most of these, after being called, return to their native country—for its lasting good, we may reasonably hope.

The number of barristers available for actual work is greatly reduced when we excise those whose practical acquaintance with the Bar ended on their being called. These represent probably one-half of the gross total. Various are the reasons which lead gentlemen to study for the Bar, without any intention of gaining a livelihood by practising at it: the two most salient being—(1) to thereby fit themselves for Government and other appointments at home or abroad; (2) the desire to advance their social position.

With regard to the first, these gentlemen may be found dispensing justice, according to our ideas, or administering affairs in the name of the Queen, wherever the British flag is unfurled; and a glance at the list of magistrates for almost any county, shows that many of these names appear also in the Bar list. As to the other set, the fact of being a barrister is the open sesame to society which would be closed to the man who without it is, say, only a retired tradesman's son.

Not so long ago, an officer in the army came to a police-court to conduct the case on behalf of two of his men who were charged with some civil offence. He was informed that, not being a solicitor, he was debarred from so doing. 'But,' said he, 'I am also a barrister. I was called to the Bar before entering the army, and I

appear in that capacity;' and he succeeded in getting the case dismissed.

Those who do intend to practise, choose a circuit at the outset, and generally adhere to it. England and Wales comprise seven circuits, and the question of which shall be adopted depends greatly upon circumstances. It is usually considered that a man has a good chance if he or his family is well known to the solicitors in one or more of the towns on his prospective circuit. Marriage with a lady related to an influential solicitor is also a good source of hope; but, as a Lord Chancellor once put it, the man had the best chance who, with brains and an infinite capacity for hard work, had nothing else to rely upon for the necessities of life—which was his own case.

At assizes, to bring in a man from another circuit involves the payment of a heavy additional fee—quite out of proportion to the needs of an ordinary *nisi prius* case. This regulation very much narrows down the area of choice to the provincial solicitors; and occasionally the barrister who is supposed to be the best man of the circuit for the particular case in hand, is retained as soon as it is seen that the action is imminent. On our own circuit, there is one gentleman who figures in almost every criminal case of any importance—and nearly always for the defence. He has the reputation of making 'a rattling good speech,' and that is always left to him, whatever other part he may or may not be called upon to take. Many a man has he pulled out of the fire by a good speech at the end, attacking and criticising the points urged by the prosecution, and trusting to the effect of his speech on the mind of the twelve good men and true. If he calls no witnesses, he deprives the prosecution of the opportunity to reply: thus securing the last word—often of the greatest importance in jury cases.

A fact not generally known is that, as Queen's Counsel are officers of the Crown, it is necessary, before they can appear for a prisoner against the Crown, to obtain a permit, which is, however, always granted, and costs half-a-guinea.

It is only the bare truth to say that the really leading men can command their own prices, and even then are pelted with work which it is sometimes impossible for them to properly attend to, notwithstanding the assistance of clerks, pupils, and the system known as 'devilling.' Like other human beings, they cannot attend to two things at one time.

The Parliamentary Bar suffer terribly in this way. The working-days in a year are fewest with them, and in the effort to make their hay, the pressure is felt severely by both themselves and the people (mostly public bodies) who seek their services. It is a common practice to retain three counsel to pilot a private Bill through Parliament. You may then hope to secure the corporeal presence of one or other of them throughout, and perhaps two for the greater part of the time. In connection with one Bill in which I was concerned, we briefed three. The leader came and 'opened'—and we never saw him again during the five days the committee sat, until the favourable decision was

given (for which he, with becoming modesty, took the credit); and he was only once at the daily conferences. Frequently we only had one present, and twice was our counsel's bench empty. Needless to say, they all drew their heavy fees regularly, and with as little diffidence as if they had each and all been in close attendance the whole time.

What can you do? Pay, and look as pleasant as possible. There is nothing else for it.

As in other professions, there are specialists at the Bar. A famous Q.C. (now retired) was related to a well-known musical family, and, in consequence, for a generation he appeared in nearly every case involving musical or dramatic copyright.

Not long ago, a county council proceeded against a manufacturer for alleged pollution of a stream. The defendant could not afford a fancy fee. Yet, to lose the case meant ruin to him. He *must* have a first-class speaker and cross-examiner, and—more important still—one well up in that branch of chemistry associated with sanitary and public health laws. So far from being able to pick and choose a man who possessed these two qualifications, he had first to be discovered. Eventually he was found—at a handsome fee; but he justified his reputation, and succeeded—which is the main thing. It pays to be a specialist.

Years ago, there was an agitation inaugurated against the practice of charging a fee for the clerk on top of that paid to the principal. This fee is an additional half-a-crown upon any fee up to five guineas, five shillings up to ten guineas; and so on up to fifty guineas, upon and above which it is two and a half per cent. Many hard-worked counsel have more than one clerk; while, with the briefless crowd, one boy frequently does duty for several, and his almost nominal services (so far as briefs are concerned, that is) are considered adequately rewarded by ten shillings a week.

From what the reader knows now, he will be prepared to hear that the agitation dropped through. Leading counsel don't sit at their chambers waiting for work, and willing to chaffer about fees. Rather, you have to go cap in hand, and await their pleasure—or run the risk of having your papers returned on any sign of impatience.

It is safe to say that it would be a revelation to those who may wonder at these things, could they but attend a few consultations at the chambers of one of the leading men. To save time, the solicitor will perhaps have prepared a short epitome for present use, in addition to the more or less lengthy 'instructions' which were delivered days ago. As likely as not, this will never come out of his pocket, a casual observation from the great man showing that he 'knows all about that,' and more—knew it, in fact, before the case began. The all-round knowledge of the world which is stored up in the mind of a leading Q.C. is an eye-opener: it is that which you have to pay so heavily for.

No article on this subject would be complete without a reference to the peculiar—probably unique—relations subsisting between barristers and those whose interests they represent.

You may take papers to 'a gentleman of the long robe,' and obtain his opinion—and then you may snap your fingers at him, and refuse to pay. He has no remedy at law. Of course, you would not do it again, either with him or any one of his fraternity—you wouldn't get the opportunity. Except with a well-known firm of solicitors, or one with whom counsel may have a running account, with half-yearly settlements, the money is left with the papers. Should the amount tendered be considered inadequate, the clerk intimates the fact to the solicitor. Often enough, the fee is not marked by the solicitor, but left to the barrister's clerk. One never corresponds with the principal about fees! He, theoretically, is quite above such mundane matters—merely working from platonic motives: his sordid clerk is there to protect him from being plucked, and to collect a commensurate 'honorarium.'

To maintain an equipoise in this otherwise very one-sided arrangement, an effectual, though refreshingly simple, law exists, that a barrister is under no obligation to attend to any work which you may take to him—and pay for in advance. He may return your papers, and pocket the fee; or, worse still, he may go into court, and make the most fatal and idiotic arrangement binding upon your client—and you have no legal remedy, such as a layman has against a solicitor. But here, too, the case is highly hypothetical, and in an experience of twenty years, I have never known real harm to ensue from it. The laws of business and common-sense in effect govern this, as all other professions; and a barrister who sought to take advantage of his theoretical rights, would doubtless have but little possibility of repeating it. The whole thing *seems* absurd; but it works well in practice, and probably neither barristers, solicitors, nor clients, if canvassed, would care to alter it.

JAN PENGELLY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

Mrs Polwithey, who lived at the coastguard cottage, was hanging out her linen, and the grassy slope behind the house was white with fluttering garments. Polwithey himself was pacing the paths of the little square garden, smoking his pipe; and a pretty garden it was, gay with spring flowers, and enclosed by thick hedges of fuchsia. On the sheltered side of the house was a gigantic geranium that half covered the wall, and the growth of it and the size of the gnarled stem were the wonder of strangers; for the vegetation is semi-tropical in the warm nooks of southern Cornwall.

'Good-afternoon, Mrs Polwithey,' cried a pleasant voice from the path, and Miss Rose Trevennick walked smiling past, escorted by Cameron.

Mrs Polwithey made a dutiful response, and watched the two descend the winding path.

'Seems to me,' said the worthy woman, more to herself than to her spouse, 'that when two young folks pass a body's door brisk and quick, and directly they get a bit down-along saunter and saunter—seems to me it means something.'

'They two took a boat together last week,' remarked Polwithey, with a twinkle in his eye. "'Do 'ee want a man, zur?'" said I. "'No thank'ee," said he; and Miss Rose, her says to me, inmercent like, "how's the wind, Ned?" "Bless yer purty face," says I, "it doan't want no sailor-man to tell which way the wind blows."'

'Well, well,' observed Mrs Polwithey sententiously, 'as 'twas, so 'twill be;' and with this bit of condensed philosophy, she resumed her labours at the clothes-line.

'Hulloa! what's up below?' shouted Polwithey a minute after; 'Missus, come here quick—there's something wrong!' And far down the hill they saw two men carrying a strange burden up the rugged path.

'Tis surely a drowned man!' continued the coastguard excitedly. 'Do 'ee get things ready, Sarah, and I'll rin down and help 'em up!'

Over her parlour mantel-piece, proudly framed, hung an illuminated certificate, setting forth that Sarah Polwithey had satisfactorily undergone a course of instructions in first aids to the injured; and it was with astonishing celerity that the good woman prepared the various restoratives and appliances; but she felt hysterically excited when the three men bore into the house the dripping form of Jan Pengelly, apparently lifeless. A Tregartha fisherman supported his head, but the man who held his feet was a stranger to the place.

'I b'lieve there's a flutter of life in 'en,' said Polwithey; 'his heart seems to beat, and his eyelids quivered a bit as us carried 'en—us'll bring 'en round.'

In a few minutes, to their intense relief, Jan opened his blue eyes for a moment, and his lips parted, though he remained unconscious.

'What's amiss?' cried a voice at the door, and Cameron entered, while Miss Trevennick waited anxiously in the porch. They had caught sight of the men carrying the body up the hill, and had hastened back to the coast-guard station.

'Tis a poor chap half-drowned, zur,' said Polwithey, 'but, please the Lord, us'll bring 'en back—'tis Jan Pengelly, the mazed chap. I wish wan of 'ee wid fetch the doctor.'

'I'll run, George,' cried Miss Trevennick, letting his Christian name escape her in the excitement of the moment; 'you may be more useful here.'

It was nearly half an hour before Doctor Bolitho appeared; for he was old and stout, and the steep path was impossible for his pony. His quick eye took in at a glance the condition of the sufferer, and the excellent methods that had been adopted pending his own arrival. 'Capital!' he grunted; 'Mrs Polwithey, you're half a doctor.'

Rose Trevennick paced the garden walk, eagerly awaiting the examination of the doctor; and catching sight of her white face as she passed the open door, he said, 'He's all right. There's no bones broken, though he's knocked about a good deal—he's in no immediate danger.' And burying her face in her hands, she sank on a seat in the porch, and burst into a flood of tears.

She was much attached to Jan; for years he had been her faithful henchman, her casual gardener and boatman. At Christmas, it was Jan who brought the holly to the church, and twined the ivy; and the crowning glory of each harvest festival was Jan's trophy of wheat and flowers, hung where none but he dared reach. His very infirmity of mind was a bond between them, for there were times when he clung to her with a childlike reliance.

Meanwhile, Jan had again opened his eyes, and murmuring the word 'Parson!' relapsed into stupor.

'And how did all this happen?' asked the doctor, when he could spare his attention from his patient.

'It was quite providential,' said the stranger, a gentleman from Truro; 'I have several times visited Tregartha, and have long had a desire to explore the famous cavern under Trevasse Head; and this afternoon, the tide being favourable, I took a boat with that purpose. As we approached the mouth of the cavern, we saw a man swinging by a rope from the cliff above, and while the boatman was telling me of the intrepid daring of the climber, he fell before our eyes from a great height into the sea. We rowed quickly to the spot, and in a few minutes dragged his floating body into the boat; his hands still held the rope, which must have broken. By a mercy he fell into deep water; but the current ran strong, and I fear he was badly beaten against the rocks before we reached him.'

'Well, 'tis the Lord's hand,' said Mrs Polwithey; 'but 'tis surely a lesson to 'en. I never did hold wi' climbing after a passel of say-birds' eggs that baint fit to cook when you've found 'en.'

'He's a fine-grown young fellow,' said the stranger admiringly.

'And oncommon good-looking,' added Mrs Polwithey, gently touching the damp locks of red hair. 'Many a time when he's passed here with his rope birds'-nesting, I've called to him, "Tis a fule's errand you're on, Jan, and some fine day you'll break your neck, or scatter your poor brains out." But he was wonderful sure-footed, and could clim' like a cat when he was just a bit of a chield. Us couldn't very well afford to spare Jan,' she added softly. 'Do 'ee mind Tremayne's little maid, doctor?'

'Ay, I remember,' said he gravely.

'Tremayne is wan of the lighthouse-keepers out to the Pinnacles,' explained Mrs Polwithey to the stranger; 'and last summer, when he was ashore for a day or two's leave, his little maid was cruel bad, like to die, and the poor fellow had to go back to his duty not knowing how 'twould be with the chield, and when the fever 'bated, and the maid mended a bit, us all said what a pity 'twas the feyther didn't know the news; but the say was awful rough, and no weather for boats. And Jan, he put out in the storm by hisself, and got near enough to the Pinnacles, to the windward, to shout a few blessed words o' message to Tremayne; and sure enough, he got back safe and sound, either by saymanship or the dear Lord's providence.'

'Saymanship's no word for it,' added Polwithey, 'twas soopernat'ral. I seed 'en come

round Trevasse Point in a hurricane; and the way he brought the boat into the cove on the top o' the tide without a rag of sail 'twas marvellous to behold! Jan's a poor sawfty in most things, but 'tis wonderful how he knows the water, and the ways o' the wind.'

'I think I may now leave your patient to your good care,' Mrs Polwithey, said the doctor, after a while; 'I'll look in again in the evening. I passed Captain Trefusis sitting by the path on my way up. He had had a nasty fall, and his head was badly cut; but as his case was not desperate, I bade him walk quietly home, and promised to call on him on my way back. Quite a chapter of accidents!'

An hour afterwards, Jan slowly recovered consciousness, and, looking weakly around, said, 'Where's the Parson? I wish wan of 'ee wid fetch Parson.'

'How do 'ee feel, poor sawl of 'ee?' asked Mrs Polwithey, with motherly kindness; and the coastguard added heartily: 'You'm getting on fine, Jan, my sonny; you'll be right enough now us have got the say-watter out of 'ee. You baint drowned yet; a bit of a soaking warn't hurt a young water-rat like thee.'

'Be 'ee troubled about your sawl, Jan?' asked Mrs Polwithey tenderly; and Jan, with some impatience, answered: 'No, missus, 'tisn't my sawl, 'tis my leg that troubles me—'tis stiff like an old rudder, and I can't move 'en. I can't walk to the rectory, that's certain, so Parson must please come here. I've got something I must tell 'en. Will wan of 'ee fetch 'en?'

Cameron, who had lingered in the cottage, soothingly promised to fetch the rector if Jan would keep quiet.

Later in the day, when Parson Trevennick came with Cameron, Jan was fitfully sleeping, and they waited patiently till he awoke, and took some nourishment. Incoherently, but with great earnestness, Jan told his story. The rector listened good-humouredly, and was at first inclined to attribute the whole matter to some delusion of Jan's excited brain; but the keener mind of Cameron at once grasped the significance of it all.

'If there is indeed any truth in this, it will be good news to many,' said the rector, as they walked home; 'but I am grieved to hear of such iniquity in the parish.'

'I would suggest that the man Roskree be sent for and questioned,' replied Cameron; 'I believe he would not withhold information if driven into a corner.'

And Roskree, who had all along been but half-hearted in his roguery, with many self-excuses confessed the whole matter. But that deeper villainy of Trefusis was never known.

Two days later, Cameron met the captain in the narrow cliff-path. The miner's head was bandaged with a handkerchief, and he looked pale and ill. For a moment the two men looked at each other, then the captain dropped his eyes.

'Captain Trefusis,' said Cameron slowly, 'I understand that you have a brother who is doing well at the copper-mines in Namaqualand.'

The captain nodded.

'Then I think,' added Cameron significantly, 'that Namaqualand would be the best place for you to go to.'

And Trefusis went.

TAHOE, THE GEM OF CALIFORNIAN LAKES.

CALIFORNIA has more than its share of the great wonders of Nature for which the continent of America is celebrated. On its golden shores are the mammoth trees, big enough for a large stage-coach to pass through; the Yosemite Valley, with its three thousand feet of perpendicular rock, and its waterfalls, the highest in the world; lastly, beautiful Lake Tahoe, whose waters are of such transparency that a trout can be seen fifty feet beneath the surface. It is of this lake that we propose to treat in the present sketch, and if it decides even a few to visit those lovely shores, the writer will be satisfied.

Tahoe, though well known to the Californian, is not so familiar to the foreigner as it deserves to be. The most important point to consider for the excursion is the season of the year. The tourist who intends staying a few days, and seeing all the sights, should not go there till the middle of July or, better still, August. Before that time the snows are so thick on Mount Tallac, that the ascent is in the highest degree difficult, if not impossible; and the view from this mountain is so fine—embracing as it does sixteen lakes—that one would regret losing it. If, however, a prolonged stay is meditated, any time from the end of May is pleasant; for, excepting Mount Tallac, nearly all the sights are as available then as later on, and the waterfalls are seen to better advantage.

Leaving San Francisco at five o'clock in the afternoon, the Central Pacific brings us at five next morning to Truckee, and hence a stage-coach takes us fourteen miles to Tahoe City on the lake. It is preferable to come by this afternoon train, thus avoiding the great heat of the Sacramento Valley, and rather monotonous scenery. On our arrival at Truckee, finding that we had an hour and a half before the departure of the stage, we took breakfast, and had a stroll through the town; but as it only consists of houses of one storey, all little shops or taverns, we were not much interested. Soon after our arrival at Truckee a coach with six horses started off at a good round pace for Tahoe. Our route lay by the Truckee River, which foams and dashes through a charming valley, rocky hills several hundred feet high rising on either side.

Soon we saw the blue waters of the lake nestling amid the Sierras, and drew up beside some dozen houses dignified by the name of Tahoe City. A pretty little steamer now started for Tallac, and we were at once struck with the marvellous transparency of the water, which makes the lake renowned, and we thought of the eulogies that Mark Twain bestows upon this peculiarity. One could read a name fifty feet beneath the water. Tahoe is twenty-two miles long by twelve wide, and

has an average depth of six hundred feet, whilst off the cliffs, near Tallac, a much greater depth is found. After a considerable run we turned off into Emerald Bay, an offshoot of Tahoe. It is difficult to praise the scenery here too highly—so beautiful are the mountains around it, so luxuriant the wooding, and so perfectly lovely the green shading of the water, making a striking contrast with the blue of Tahoe.

A short run from Emerald Bay and we obtained a fine view of Mount Tallac (9600 feet), at the base of which was our destination. Though this mountain is exceeded in altitude by Mount Freal, still in configuration, beauty, and by his snowy diadem, Tallac is monarch. The Tallac hotel is the only one in the district, and it, as well as a large tract of pine-woods, is owned by 'Lucky' Baldwin, who is likewise proprietor of the hotel named after him in San Francisco. The hotel is excellent, and there are nine hotel-cottages for people making a long stay and desiring home comforts. We arrived about one o'clock in the afternoon, and after luncheon took a walk on the excellent carriage-road to Fallen-leaf Lake, which is about two miles distant. Our route lay through some magnificent pine-trees, large enough to astonish one, if not already *blase* by seeing the Californian mammoths. This lake, encircled by pine-woods, and situated at the base of Mount Tallac, is shaped like a leaf—hence its name—is three miles long, and abounds in trout. Its remarkably pure water supplies our hotel.

The evening we devoted to the Indian camp, only a short distance from the Tallac house. The moon was rising above the pines, and the dusky Indian figures grouped around the blazing camp fires formed a picture long destined 'to hang on memory's wall.' We had hoped to purchase some baskets, moccasins, or other curios, but found the Indians distrustful and sullen. We learned that the 'whites' had forbidden them to spear trout in future, and hence their unfriendliness. A chief had been beating his wife, and the forest had rung with her screams till our arrival broke up the little scene of domestic felicity! We saw about thirty Indians in all, and about half of them were women and children. The men were much better-looking than their squaws.

Next morning at eight o'clock we started on horseback to see the mountain-lakes, accompanied by a guide, who is essential on this excursion, it being so easy to lose one's way amid the forests. At first we rode through pine-woods, and soon had to traverse marshes caused by the overflow from Tahoe. We noticed that the bark was stripped off many of the trees owing to the porcupines which abound here. Soon we arrived at the shores of Cascade Lake, so called because Snow-cloud Fall precipitates itself into it. The lake is extensive, and in colour and other characteristics resembles its neighbour Tahoe.

We now continued our route, passing by the small but pretty Mirror and Deer lakes, finally arriving at Floating-island Lake. The name arises from the presence of a small patch of land, about four yards long, which floats on the surface. On this islet was once a single

tree which some vandal has cut down. The lake contains numerous water-snakes, one of which our guide killed with repeated blows of his whip. As the snake's body continued to wriggle, the guide said it would not die until the sun went down; and though we tried to show him the absurdity of this vulgar superstition, we fear he remained unconverted.

We were now on the side of Mount Tallac, 6500 feet above sea-level, enjoying splendid views of Tahoe and Fallen-leaf Lake, and seeing quantities of the red snow-plant. Soon our horses began to sink so deep that we had to make numerous detours to get along, and at last our guide refused to go any higher, declaring it unsafe. The snow here was in patches quite thirty feet in depth. We returned to our hotel after a ride of about twenty-five miles, regretting that we had not seen the sixteen lakes from Tallac summit, but in a measure consoled by this beautiful excursion. In the evening we took a boat, and went trolling for trout, for which Tahoe is famed. Each boat has a fish-tank, and the rower takes one to the best spots for making a catch. The average-sized Tahoe trout weighs from one and a half to three pounds, but frequently much larger fish are killed. The largest ever taken was stated to have been over twenty-nine pounds, and was sent to the then President of the United States.

Next day we made another excursion on horseback, this time to Glen Alpine, a very picturesque district in the heart of the mountains. At first we rode by our old acquaintance, Fallen-leaf Lake, and then through a long rocky valley, traversed by a mountain-stream which descended in several fine waterfalls *en route*, and skimming through the spray we saw numerous kingfishers. From its wildness and the grandeur of its scenery Glen Alpine is a favourite place for spending a few days, especially for sportsmen, who can shoot any quantity of badgers, besides deer, and an occasional bear. There is a small and rather primitive-looking hotel, which is reported, however, to be sufficiently comfortable. When we saw it in the month of July, the surrounding district was one veritable swamp, which they were beginning to drain, to be ready for the August season, when a stage runs between here and Tallac. Close to the hotel is a fine soda spring, strongly impregnated with iron, and very beneficial for invalids. Leaving Glen Alpine we went about two miles up the mountains, when we lost the path in the snow, and our guide could not strike it again. The creek, beside which we rode, was spanned by several natural bridges of snow, caused by the melting of the portion near the water, and here and there were other curious snow formations, one being the exact shape of a gigantic tortoise. After reaching Pyramid Point, a very striking and picturesque mountain summit, so deep grew the snow that our horses got frightened, and soon further advance became impossible. On the homeward journey one of the party shot four badgers; the Indian cherishes them for their meat, and the white man for their skins.

We had now seen the principal sights, and after our delightful stay at Tallac, took

the steamer for Tahoe City, returning by the Nevada side of the lake. Though fine in parts, on the whole the scenery is rather monotonous, arising from the sameness of this portion of the Sierra Nevada. Glenbrooke is a very pretty station, and it is preferable to leave the steamer here and return to San Francisco *via* Carson City, thus seeing the Comstock and other great Nevada mines, which made so many millionaires. The tourist to California cannot fail to bring away many delightful memories, and not the least pleasing will be Tahoe.

CONSTANT CROSSBIE.

By W. E. CULE.

It was in Crossbie's Kensington sitting-room, and I was leaning back in the best arm-chair with my feet upon the window-sill.

'Very decent diggings, old man,' I said lazily. 'Still, they're not any better than your last. What made you change?'

'I had very little to do with it,' answered Crossbie. 'It was Mary Ann.'

I turned and looked at him searchingly. No, he was not quizzing, for his look was, if anything, rather more serious than usual. But in a moment he proceeded to explain.

'You'll remember my old rooms at 41 Basil Street? Well, Mary Ann came there about three months ago as housemaid. Something about her, I ought to say everything about her, captivated me at once. Her grace, her smiles, her manners were all remarkable, and I had never seen anything like them. There was no affectation, no nonsense, and everything she said or did was a part of herself, native and natural. Of course you can guess the result of all this. I adored her before a week was out, and in a fortnight I had proposed.'

'You'd think that any ordinary housemaid might consider it a compliment to have the refusal of two hundred a year, and what some of the critics call a rising literary light. But Mary Ann, being quite an extraordinary housemaid, treated the matter very sensibly. She said she liked me pretty well, but she could not give an answer then. We hadn't known each other long enough. I tried to persuade her that we should have plenty of time to get acquainted after the wedding, but she couldn't see it. A week later she told me that she had found another situation—this time in Bayswater.'

'I was frantic. "What! going to leave?" I said. "Does that mean that you don't want to see me again?"'

"Oh no, sir," she said quietly. "It does not mean that. I'm taking another place, that's all."

'In two minutes I had made up my mind. There were rooms vacant in the very house she was going to, and a week later I had taken possession. I was with her once more.'

'That rest was all too brief. She seemed to have a very strong objection to staying more than a few weeks in the same service, so in a

month she had found another situation and was off again. I couldn't understand it. The people all liked her and wanted her to stay, and I begged her to take a final situation with me. It was of no use.

"No," she said firmly; "I like a change, and if you really love me you will wait a little longer. I believe you're ashamed of me because I'm a housemaid."

I protested in vain; and she went.

But I had determined not to lose sight of her for a single moment, so I made the necessary inquiries, and soon found myself installed as a lodger where she was again the housemaid. This is the place, and I've been here three weeks now. I know it can't last, though, and I'm expecting every hour to hear that she has found another situation. That's the whole story.'

Crossbie sighed as he concluded. I was gazing at him in doubt and wonder, hardly believing my ears.

'Do you mean to say,' I began at last, 'that you have fallen in love with a housemaid, and that you change your lodgings every two or three weeks because the girl takes it into her head to change her situation?'

He nodded gloomily.

'And her name is Mary Ann?' I murmured.

'It is,' said Crossbie, with a melancholy smile.

I thought the matter over. He was sane enough, as sane, in fact, as any hard-working literary man could be expected to be. Yet his story revealed a state of things as mad as any I had ever heard of.

'I know what you're thinking about,' he said suddenly, throwing the end of his cigar through the open window. 'You think I'm crazy. But wait till you see Mary Ann! I'll ring for supper.'

He rang, and in a minute or two Mary Ann entered with the cloth. Crossbie glanced at me curiously and must have been satisfied with the effect, for I am sure that my surprise was plainly visible in my face.

Mary Ann was a lady. Mary Ann was sweet. Mary Ann was charming. Housemaid indeed she was, but an angel in a pretty cap and apron may be an angel still.

'Crossbie,' I remarked, when she had gone, 'please, forgive my suspicions. Go to the North Pole, old man, if you like, or take a pair of back garrets in a Whitechapel alley. I'll guarantee that you are the sanest man alive.'

He cheered up a little, and smiled.

'It's a queer thing, of course,' he said, 'but I am determined to go on with it. She speaks of another three months, and of course that's not long to wait for such a girl. But these continual changes are quite beyond me.'

'Perhaps she breaks things,' I suggested softly.

'No,' he said with decision. 'It's not that. She never breaks anything or makes any trouble. Why, the landlady at Basil Street was crying after her—actually crying. Nobody ever cried after me! I think she must be of a roaming disposition, or something of the kind. Perhaps she has gypsy blood in her veins, though she doesn't look like it. At any rate,

I can't be sure of her for a single week, and never felt so unsettled in all my life.'

I sympathised with Crossbie. He was a really good fellow, a hard worker, and one who could always be depended upon. I wondered that any housemaid in the wide world could treat him in such a way, or fail to see his merits at a glance. And to keep him changing his rooms every month, and travelling from one end of London to the other, was adding injury to insult. I rather wondered, too, how he could stand it, for Crossbie was one of those fellows who love their creature comforts. He must be hard hit indeed.

When I left him an hour later, I told him to cheer up and make the best of it. After all, I said, it was better that Mary Ann should do all her roaming before marriage than after. With that sentiment he fully agreed.

Ten days later I called to see him again, and found that he had gone. Nobody seemed to know where, and for a long time I could find no trace of him.

Long afterwards, however, we met once more, and he related the whole story of his singular experiences subsequent to the date of my visit. It is a remarkable history.

Mary Ann had soon tired of the Kensington situation. Crossbie saw the change coming, yet he groaned inwardly when at last she declared her intention.

'What? Off again, dear? When will you give it up and settle down?'

She looked at him reproachfully.

'Remember,' she said gently, 'what I have promised! But you need not follow me this time. I will write to you once a week.'

'But,' persisted Crossbie, turning quite pale at the suggestion, 'what is the need of all this? Let us finish it. Take me now—I have two hundred a year, enough to keep us comfortably'—

But she would not hear him, and at last Crossbie gave in. She had found a new situation in Burdett Road, and, after some difficulty, he took the only room that was vacant there, and once more settled down.

It was a change for the worse, and he nearly broke his leg on the first evening by falling over a bucket which some one had left in the hall, but he bore it without an audible murmur. He knew it would not last long, and wondered whether the next change would improve the surroundings.

He suffered in many ways owing to these changes. He was obliged to wound the feelings of several excellent landladies by giving them notice without any very good reason, and this troubled him a good deal. Several times, too, he was obliged to pay rent in lieu of proper notice, and these calls upon his purse had to be soberly considered. Moreover, his work suffered, for no sooner did he settle down and get out his writing-pad, than he seemed to be off once more. Acquaintances began to look suspiciously at him, and whispered darkly of duns, while one editor told him in rather vigorous language that he need not submit any further manuscripts until he had fixed upon some address to which they could safely be returned.

The last change was the worst of all. Mary Ann seemed determined to drain the very dregs of housemaid existence, and, as a last experiment, went as sole 'general' to a small lodging-house in Hoxton. Crossbie pleaded in vain, for she was still inflexible, though he pointed out that the work was slavery, that the neighbourhood was bad, and that she could easily get a thousand better places. His own rooms there were dark and dirty, and he found it absolutely impossible to write a single line in them. So he walked about, and idled in the reading-rooms all day, returning in the evening to sleep the sleep of the infinitely perplexed.

After a fortnight of it, he waylaid Mary Ann on the stairs one day and relieved her, despite her protestations, of a tremendous bucket of coal which she was carrying to the third-floor. And when he had finished that little business, he began to plead again, only to receive the same answer.

'You say you love me, and yet you cannot put up with this much for my sake.'

'I can put up with anything,' cried the faithful Crossbie, 'but I must consider you. How can I be happy when I have to see you slaving day after day in a place like this?'

Her lovely eyes softened, and her voice was even tender when she spoke again:

'Is that it really, Dick? How soft-hearted you are! But it will only last another week. I've found another situation, and have already given notice.'

'Oh! And what is the new address?' asked Crossbie, a slight sentiment of hope mingling with his resignation.

'It is a good place this time,' said Mary Ann with a smile. 'Ninety-nine Belgrave Square. They don't take lodgers there, of course, but you can call to see me—if you're not ashamed to visit the housemaid!'

Crossbie flushed slightly. He saw a vision of himself sitting in the kitchen among the footmen, with smirking maid-servants making eyes behind his back. But in a moment his love triumphed over his dignity.

'I would follow you to the end of the earth,' he said earnestly, 'or even to the scullery. But this is to be the last, please?'

Mary Ann nodded, and he was happy. A week later she had gone to her new place, and he had found rooms in a quarter not far distant from Belgrave Square.

Crossbie's conduct throughout surely proved that he was finally and thoroughly in love. There was no lukewarmness about him, but still he had a large share of self-respect, and the prospect of 'courting' Mary Ann in the servants' hall gave him many uneasy moments. He had never thought of asking her to meet him out of doors, and of course it was not her place to suggest such a thing. Go he must, and go he would. Anything and everything must be dared for Mary Ann's sake. Yet his emotions were terribly mixed when one Tuesday evening, at half-past seven, he knocked at the area door of number ninety-nine. For a thriving literary man, who was already a lion in many Bohemian drawing-rooms, to seek a place in the servants' hall—to drop to the level of a 'follower'—oh,

it was awful! He was glad it was dark, so that nobody sitting in the windows of that great house could see him, and he hoped, with a great and sincere hope, that the kitchen would be pretty clear. If this adventure should get abroad he would never hear the end of it.

A solemn-looking page opened the door, and Crossbie, in a husky voice, asked for 'Miss Robinson.' He was relieved to see that the imp did not even smile.

'Yes, sir. Please come this way, sir,' was all he said; and Crossbie followed, bracing himself for a terrible ordeal.

But instead of being taken to the kitchen, he was led up-stairs, and he saw, to his annoyance, that some mistake had evidently been made. But before he could say a word, a door was thrown open, allowing a murmur of voices to reach his ears, and a splendid footman had announced his name in clear, distinct tones.

'Mr Crossbie!'

Flowers, voices, evening dress, ladies—he was vaguely conscious that he was doomed. That idiot of a page had brought him to the drawing-room, where an 'evening' of some kind was evidently being held. Crossbie gazed around him in blank dismay, and in another moment would have bolted to the door. But before he could escape, an elderly lady sailed across the room to his side.

'So pleased that you have come, Mr Crossbie,' she murmured. 'We have been expecting you for some time.'

'Expecting me!'

The lady laughed pleasantly.

'Come,' she said; 'who could mistake the author of those delicious "Idle Idylls" in the *Poetaster*? But let me introduce you to some of the people here.'

She was a pleasant old lady, with a motherly face, but Crossbie was too bewildered to see it. Some awful mistake had been made—but how did she know of the Idylls?

Before he could collect his thoughts, he found himself sitting on a couch between two gentlemen to whom he had been introduced. His amazement was not lessened when he understood that one was a notable editor, and the other a very eminent artist.

How they greeted him, what they said, what he said in reply, he could never remember. He was trying to contrive a means of escape, but was trying in vain, and after a short time his companions resumed their conversation.

'Yes,' said the editor of *Our Own Review*, 'you may call it eccentricity if you please, but it is a good and useful eccentricity. We shall have some new light on the subject now.'

'Do you publish?' asked the artist carelessly.

'Yes. I have secured the series. "Life Below Stairs—The Experiences of a Mary Ann." I think it will go well.'

Crossbie started. The familiar sound had caught his ear, but he soon perceived that it was not his Mary Ann whose name had been mentioned.

He was on thorns. Of course there was only one thing which he could do. He must go to that motherly old lady, and explain.

'I am afraid, madam, that I have been introduced by mistake. I came here to see your housemaid, Mary Ann.' That would put things right, but how could he do it?

And if he did not, the poor girl might come in to answer the bell at any moment. She would see him, and perhaps speak to him. In any case he must speak to her—and then!

He rose in desperation, resolved to brave it out. But at that moment the door opened again, and a young lady entered. Crossbie saw a vision of silk and lace, a figure of familiar beauty, and a face that he knew, and rubbed his eyes in amazement. For the face was certainly the face of Mary Ann!

He turned to the editor.

'I beg your pardon,' he said hurriedly. 'Can you tell me that lady's name?'

The editor looked up in some surprise. Fancy a guest ignorant of the name of his hostess.

'Certainly,' he said; 'her full name is Marion Dallas.'

Marion Dallas—Marion Dallas! Crossbie began to see a ray of light. He had heard that lady spoken of as being young, rich, literary, and a champion of her sex as thoroughly in earnest as she was charming.

The truth broke upon him suddenly and forcibly, and he rose to find the door, feeling dimly conscious that he had been badly victimised. But before he reached it, Miss Dallas stood before him.

'You are not going?'

'Yes,' he said coldly; 'I am going. I have been deceived.'

She saw his mood, and laid her hand upon his arm.

'Do not think so,' she said softly. 'Let me explain. The editor of the *Review* agreed to take up the cause of the domestic servant. A series of articles had to be prepared by a special writer thoroughly familiar with the subject. You know my views—I agreed to write them for him. That was the reason of my masquerade, and the reason also for my many changes of situation. You were very kind to me, but I could not tell you my secret. Don't you understand?'

There was a charming blush upon her face, and Crossbie's anger passed away suddenly. But she continued, still speaking softly:

'I told aunt all about it, and we made these arrangements. I wondered whether you would really come after all, but now—'

She paused with a little smile, and Crossbie looked up into her face. This radiant creature was not his Mary Ann, but something he saw in her eyes inspired him to put his fate to the hazard of a question. The answer he received gave him perfect satisfaction.

'No,' she whispered, 'I am not changed. To you I will always be *Mary Ann*!'

Crossbie's travels came to an end a couple of months later. He took rooms in the square for good, having followed his little housemaid through the bitter to the sweet. Even those

who are inclined to envy his luck are ready to admit that he thoroughly deserved it, and in Fleet Street we still call him 'Constant Crossbie.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ACCORDING to the *Journal* of Geneva, a strange discovery was made at the recent rifle-meeting at Winterthur, in summing up the results of the shooting. It was found that the shots fired from the right-hand side of the range showed a common deviation to the right of the bull's-eye; while those fired from the left side were in a similar manner deflected in their course to the left side of the target centre. This was presumed to be due to the circumstance that on either side of the range were a number of electric wires, and that, as a current-laden wire is attractive to steel like a magnet, the modern projectiles, into which that metal so largely enters, were coaxed out of their true course. Experiments showed that this theory was the correct one; and as a consequence, it is now boldly stated that 'a section of infantry exposed to fire at three hundred yards would enjoy complete safety if a dynamo or accumulator were placed on its flank: a whole company would be in the same security at five hundred yards, and artillery fire could be rendered innocuous at one thousand yards.' We are afraid that such a conclusion is rather too hastily arrived at. It might, with greater consistency, be argued that in a big city like London, it is impossible to shoot anybody with a steel, or steel-coated bullet, because the projectile would at once be attracted to the overhead or underground wires which form such a network in the streets.

Dr Macartney, the medical officer at Chin-Kiang, advertising in a recent report to the injuries arising from compressing the feet of Chinese women and girls, asserts that in Chin-Kiang the feet are more tightly bound than in any other districts in the Yangtze valley; and the practice is more general, too, for it extends to the poorest classes. The women themselves own that the practice is productive of constant suffering, not only during the early bandaging process, but throughout life. Women with compressed feet cannot stand for any length of time without torture. Paralysis of the legs is often the direct result of bandaging; eczema and ulceration are its products, and very frequently amputation of the foot becomes necessary, on account of gangrene induced by this most unnatural custom.

The Royal Commission, which was appointed to look into the practicability of connecting isolated lighthouses and lightships with the telegraphic system of the United Kingdom, have, in their fourth report, just issued, explained the manner in which it is proposed to deal with light-vessels, which, on account of being subject to the action of tides and local currents, offer obstacles to the attachment of a cable in the usual manner. They propose to run a cable from the shore, and to make it describe a circle under and around the light-vessel, so that as

the ship strains at her cable, she is always well within the circle. The vessel itself will be girded with several coils of insulated wire, which will be connected with a telephone receiver on board. Now it is a well-known law in electrical science that a wire carrying a current will create or induce a current in a wire in its neighbourhood. In the case before us, an intermittent vibratory current will be sent through the cable from the shore, and interrupted by a Morse key. Long and short buzzing sounds will in this way be made evident in the telephone circuit, which will be readily translatable by the Morse alphabet. In sending signals from ship to shore, the operations are simply reversed. The commission regards this method of communication as offering greater chances of success than any of the other inventions of the same nature which have been brought before it.

A wonderful increase in the growth of the trade in explosives is shown in the twentieth annual report of Her Majesty's Inspectors, which has been recently issued as a Parliamentary paper. Since the Explosives Act came into operation, twenty years ago, not only has the number of factories more than doubled, but the number of persons employed shows a like remarkable increase, three thousand workers having been added during the past ten years. The introduction of smokeless powders and new nitroglycerine compounds is responsible for this increased industry. But while factories for the making of new explosives show this activity, the gunpowder-works have remained stationary. The number of firework factories has doubled during the past two decades, although large consignments of fireworks come in from abroad. The accidents during the past year were one hundred and fifty-two in number, causing injuries to one hundred and sixty-seven persons, and forty deaths.

It is an old axiom, and one of which the truth has been constantly proved by events, that a theatre is doomed, sooner or later, to be destroyed by fire. With the general introduction of the electric light, and the adoption of a fireproof curtain, which can, at a minute's notice, be let down so as to separate the stage from the auditorium, the risks from fire at a theatre are reduced almost to a minimum. A fire recently occurred at a London theatre, which might have ended in panic and general disaster, had not modern appliances been at hand to reassure the audience—which, by-the-by, was a bank holiday one. The fire broke out on the stage while a play was actually in progress; with commendable promptitude, the iron proscenium curtain was lowered, a hydrant set to work, and while the firemen were busy on the stage, the audience were told by the manager to keep their seats, for they were in no kind of danger. In a few moments the fire was completely subdued, and the play proceeded. The audience, as well as the manager and all concerned, may be complimented on showing presence of mind under very difficult conditions.

The liquefaction of the gases formerly called 'permanent' is one of the first achievements of the century, and there still attaches to

liquid air a mystery which no other fluid can claim. A liquid which boils at 200 degrees below the freezing-point of water is still a curiosity; and at the Royal Institution, where its production has long ceased to be a novelty, audiences never tire of watching experiments with an agent which so nearly approaches in temperature the absolute zero. The most recent experiments with it are due to Professors Dewar and Fleming, who have found that metals are curiously altered in their magnetic and electrical properties by immersion in liquid air, the amount of change depending in great measure upon the purity of the metal under examination. For example, it is well known that copper is a far better conductor of electricity than iron, yet if iron be cooled by immersion in liquid air, it becomes a better conductor than copper by thirty per cent. All pure metals gain this increase of conductivity; but alloys, when subjected to the same treatment, are affected to the extent only of about ten per cent. It is generally known that the greater the electrical current, the bigger must be the cable to carry it; but Professor Fleming states that these experiments with metals at extremely low temperatures tend to show that at absolute zero the entire electric force generated by Niagara Falls could be conveyed by a wire as fine as a hair.

Colonel Maxim, whose machine gun is now known all over the world as the most destructive weapon ever invented, has recently published some very interesting notes relative to repeating-arms generally. It would seem that the first machine gun was invented and patented in this country by one James Puckle as long ago as the year 1718; and Colonel Maxim reproduces a drawing of this old weapon, which was designed to discharge grenades, shells, or bullets. Its principle is that of the revolver, there being one main barrel, with a series of revolving chambers at its breech, turned by a handle. One curious point is that, while one set of chambers are all adapted for spherical bullets, another set interchangeable with the first gives accommodation for square bullets; and in the accompanying description we find that the former is a set of chambers 'for round bullets against Christians,' and that the latter is for 'shooting square bullets against Turks.' This suggestion for regulating the shape of the projectiles according to the religious opinions held by the enemy against whom they are directed is exceedingly funny. But we need hardly point out that the principle of the revolving firearm is much older than the time of Mr James Puckle. When Colonel Colt patented his first revolver, he undertook to investigate the origin of repeating-firearms, and discovered to his dismay that in the Tower of London was a revolver which dated back to the fifteenth century.

The one great difficulty in the development of gold-fields is the want of sufficient water with which to work the machinery necessary to extract the precious metal from its ore. In the arid plains of Central Australia, indeed, many a miner has been driven from a promising claim for want of this first necessary of life. A process of extracting gold from its ore without the

need of wetting it is therefore a matter of great importance; and that recently invented by Mr W. H. Hyatt is said to extract all the metal from its mother-earth at a cost which compares favourably with other systems. The main feature of the apparatus is an iron pipe of wide area, which is bent into a spiral, each convolution of the worm holding a charge of mercury which, however, does not close the passage. Into this coil, the ore, previously powdered as finely as possible, is driven by a current of air, and the mercury is by this means forced into a spray which takes hold of and forms an amalgam with all particles of gold in its neighbourhood. In a recent trial, in which gold-dust was mingled artificially with river-sand, nearly all the metal was detained at the first bend of the pipe.

Another new method of extracting the precious metals from their ores which is highly spoken of is by means of molten lead. The idea is not absolutely novel, but previous attempts in the same direction have not been successful. The ore is first of all reduced to powder, and is afterwards roasted, so as to rob it of its sulphur, arsenic, and other impurities. It is then fed into the bottom of a bath of molten lead, where its natural tendency to rise to the surface is impeded by a series of grids, between which a series of paddles revolve, and turn the particles of ore over and over. By this means every metallic particle combines with the molten lead, and the residue that ultimately finds its way to the top is mere earthy matter.

A writer in the *American Machinist* gives some interesting particulars concerning the use of glass for bearings for machinery. This material was tried for the same purpose many years ago, but with negative results. Now, however, experiments have been conducted in a more thorough way, and it seems probable that glass may be used with advantage in the form of a sleeve for light machinery. Its surface presents such remarkable smoothness that friction is reduced to a minimum, and a great saving in lubrication is effected. The best result seems to have been attained by using a kind of wooden box, with the ordinary bearings removed, and pouring in molten glass, taking precautions that the shaft is held in a central position, and that it is turned occasionally before the glass hardens. Such a bearing, it is said, has now lasted several months, with a two inch steel shaft running at one hundred and eighty revolutions per minute, without heating or visible deterioration.

The question as to the best form of wood-paving for a busy thoroughfare has been occupying the attention of a special committee, appointed by the vestry of Paddington (London). This committee have recently sent in their report, in which they endorse the opinion already expressed by an eminent authority, that 'it is a wicked waste of public money to pave a line of heavy traffic with soft wood.' It has been found that soft wood, such as yellow deal, requires renewal at the end of four and a half years, but that blocks of jarrah, karri, and other hard woods have a life of about fifteen years. Of course the initial cost of the hard wood is greater than that of the soft;

but there is a great saving in the end, without taking into account the inconvenience and loss suffered by shopkeepers in the neighbourhood by frequent removal of the roadway. As a result of the inquiry, one of the busiest thoroughfares in the parish of Paddington is to be repaired with hard wood blocks of not less than four inches in depth, such blocks to be close jointed with creosote and pitch.

According to a recently published report, Austria-Hungary, which country used to consume 105,700 tons of foreign petroleum, is now in a position to become an exporter instead of an importer of that natural product. Nearly two years ago the proprietor of the Anglo-Austrian bank purchased, at Schodniko in Galicia, four thousand acres of land which surrounded an oil-well there. Since that time about fifty borings have been made with invariable success, and in one case such a prolific supply of oil was tapped that it could not be controlled until thirty-six hours had elapsed, and five thousand barrels of oil run to waste. This well, when ultimately established, yielded the first twenty-four hours after opening one thousand tons of petroleum. The oil is conveyed by pipes to Boryslaw, a place thirteen miles distant, from whence it will be distributed by a railway shortly to be laid.

Some time ago our contemporary, *The Engineer*, offered prizes to the value of eleven hundred guineas for competition between makers of horseless carriages, the trial to come off in October next. This competition is now put off until next year; and the reasons given for the postponement indicate so clearly the present position of the horseless carriage question that it will be useful to quote them. The promoters of the competition say that although a considerable measure of success has been attained, and the horseless carriages exhibited at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere are probably the best in the world, nothing nearly suitable to the demands of the English public has yet been produced. None of them is fairly satisfactory; they are noisy, given to much vibration, and leave behind them most objectionable evidence that they have passed. The general public will not buy carriages which are not at once safe, comfortable, odourless, and silent. 'We are quite certain,' says *The Engineer*, 'that in a little time great advances will be made, and vehicles produced which will compare with those now in use, such as a Great Northern locomotive does with "The Rocket."'

In his recent address to the Selborne Society, Sir William Flower touched upon a theme of great importance to those public-spirited men who give time and trouble to the establishment of local museums. He pointed out that such museums, generally opened under the happiest auspices, sank in the course of two or three decades to such a state of neglect, that one might with some reason look for an inscription over the door to the effect that rubbish was shot there. A school without a schoolmaster, a church without a pastor, or a garden without a gardener are no good at all; and in like manner a museum without a curator cannot prosper. 'A curator,' he said, 'is the heart and soul of a museum, and yet we have museums

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going to decay because nobody thought of the expense that is needful to keep a curator and his staff going. Sir William Flower further indicated that a museum should be a place which should enter into every scheme for the furtherance of technical education—a place where one could identify any stone, animal, or plant, and that an immense store of useful information could be gained from such an institution.

Many wonderful things have been told about the X-rays discovered by Professor Röntgen, some true, and others false. One of the latest was conveyed in a telegram from America, to the effect that some one there had found out that the mysterious radiations were destructive to Bacteria. No details of the experiments upon which this assertion was based being given, much was left to the imaginative faculties of newspaper scribes, who by no means neglected the opportunity thus presented to them. But Professor G. Sormani resolved to put the matter to test; and has since made experiments on sixteen different species of Bacteria, both in artificial cultures and when inoculated into living animals, and he asserts, as a result of these researches, that the rays have no appreciable effect upon disease germs.

The clever Japanese who during recent years have profited so much by shaking off old trammels and adopting western ideas are naturally great users of iron and steel. Hitherto they have imported the metal from our own and other countries, but they are now about to start huge iron and steel works of their own, which they hope to complete in less than three years' time. The cost of these works will be more than three-quarters of a million sterling, and they will comprise a staff of eighty-two officials of various grades, who will for the first four years be under the control of foreign experts. The estimated output of the works is 60,000 tons per annum at the outset, to be subsequently greatly increased. The amount stated will be made up thus: 35,000 tons of Bessemer steel, 25,000 of Siemens-Martin steel, 4500 of wrought iron, and 500 tons of crucible steel.

SAWDUST.

No waste product, however humble, that can by any possibility be turned to profitable account, nowadays escapes the searching eye of the practical economist; and amongst them sawdust appears to have received of late years its fair share of attention.

A few of its everyday uses may be mentioned in passing. It is the best possible packing for ice and oranges: for strewing the floors of butchers' shops and bar parlours it takes the palm for cleanliness: builders employ it largely to prevent the passage of sound between rooms: to the cricketer in showery weather it is a price-less boon: to it the rag-doll owes its plumpness; while special varieties have their special uses, that of boxwood for cleaning jewellery, that of mahogany for smoking fish, and those of birch and rosewood for cleaning furs.

Under certain treatments its application enlarges. If, instead of the common practice of

sprinkling a floor with water prior to sweeping it, wet sawdust be employed, as are tea-leaves on a carpet, the work is far more thoroughly performed, and no dust is raised; while the addition of some disinfectant to the wet sawdust makes the cleaning still more effectual.

When carbonised, it makes an excellent filter, used in distilleries in preference to ordinary charcoal ones, and in France to remove the unpleasant flavour common to some of their wines. In Germany, too, after a further chemical treatment, it is employed as a filtering and discolouring material.

Oxalic acid, so largely employed in calico-printing, in cleaning leather and brass, as a solvent for Prussian blue in the preparation of blue ink, &c., and for taking iron mould out of linen, is manufactured on the large scale by oxidising sawdust with a mixture of the hydrates of potash and soda.

In 1893 Mr John Wallace, a great fish-shipper of Washington, found *chilled* sawdust to be not only superior to ice as a packing for fish, but that its employment effected a great saving in every way.

As a manure it is by no means to be despised. It forwards the growth of young trees more than any other kind, and, in moderate quantity, will turn a common bad earth into good garden mould. The ground upon which wood-stacks have stood is always enriched to a surprising degree by the small pieces falling and rotting, and the improvement of barren lands by planting Scotch firs has been advocated, on account of the falling spines, their mouldering and subsequent enriching of the soil.

By the addition of other ingredients its sphere of usefulness still further expands. Saturated with a weak solution of carbolic acid, allowed to dry, and then enclosed in a bag of several layers of fine soft muslin, it forms an excellent antiseptic pad for absorbing the discharge from wounds.

Mixed with tan in the proportion of one to three, it makes a much better floor for a riding-school than does the pure bark, and is so employed in all our cavalry barracks.

With the refuse tar from the gas manufactory added, and compressed into cakes, a fuel is produced in every way superior to soft coal for open fires.

For building purposes it is now extensively employed, more especially in Germany, as a basis for concrete in place of stone. After being mixed with certain refuse mineral products, it is compressed into the form of bricks, a series of experiments on which by the Technical Royal School at Charlottenburg proved them to be very light, impervious to wet, and entirely fireproof: one that was placed for five hours in a coal fire came out intact. The necessity for disposing of the vast accumulations in the numerous sawmills, both in Europe and America, led to an invention for compressing it into roofing boards. The substance known as xyolith or woodstone is nothing more than sawdust mixed with magnesia cement, saturated with chloride of calcium, and subjected to a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch: it is very hard and unflammable, but can be sawn, planed, and dealt with generally like wood.

In mortar it is superior even to hair for the prevention of cracking and subsequent peeling off of rough casting under the action of weather and frost.

Its manufacture into bread-stuff in the northern countries of Europe has often been described by travellers, and now in Berlin wood biscuits are made as food for horses. Professor Brand succeeded in extracting gum and sugar (grape variety) by the action of sulphuric acid. Several firms turn out a rough kind of paper from it, while at St Etienne, in France, it is converted into silk which, it is said, can be sold for less than half the price of the genuine article.

When it was reported, towards the close of 1892, that a German chemist had succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust, the incident was noticed in a publication under the heading, *A New Danger to Teetotalism*, and commented on in the following amusing strain: 'We are a friend of the temperance movement, and want it to succeed; but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the use of a prohibitory liquor law if a man is able to make brandy-mashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs of his kitchen chairs? You may shut up an inebriate out of a gin-shop and keep him away from taverns, but if he can become uproarious on boiled sawdust and desiccated window-sills, any effort must necessarily be a failure.'

Its latest application is reported in a recent issue of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, which informs us that the little town of Deseronto, in Canada, where there are several large lumber-mills, is partially lighted by gas made from sawdust, and that the gas produced gives an illumination of about eighteen candle-power.

THE WIND'S MUSIC.

Ever about Life's pathway floats
Strange music, thrilling and piercing notes,
Themes which, played by a master-hand,
Surge through the length and breadth of the land.
Earth is the keyboard, each new day
Its keys are fingered in varied way,
And the master-hand you may seek and find
With the wild, weird, wonderful, wanton Wind.

Listen: at times there seem to swell
The dancing notes of a Tarantelle;

To-morrow perchance may the Wind repent,
But to-day—an elf on mischief bent,
Whirling the cap from a schoolboy's head,
Stealing the apples, ripe and red,
Maddest of pranks for all mankind,
Wifful, worrying, witch-like Wind!

Darkness falls, and there rolls a Dirge
O'er the sleeping land and the ocean's surge.
Great, wild chords in their agony
Burst out, till ever in minor key
The music sinks to a mournful wail,
Rises and falls like some plaintive scale,
A funeral chant, or a requiem kind,
Wailing, wuthering, warring Wind!

Often still, from day to day,
A strange, monotonous Fugue holds sway,
So familiar grown, that the ear
Seems scarce its wandering maze to hear—
Fitting type of man's daily life,
Notes in continuous, gentle strife,
Master-product of master-mind,
Wistful, wavering, weary Wind!

Yet once more. As the Summer's heat
Of the day is dying, a Nocturne sweet
Steals from the hills with a soft 'good-night,'
Rippling a lake in the sunset-light,
Gently swaying a leafy bough,
Soft, cool touch for an aching brow,
Rest for a weary human-kind,
Welcome, whispering, western Wind!

Ever about Life's pathway floats
Strange music, thrilling and piercing notes,
Themes which, played by a master-hand,
Surge through the length and breadth of the land,
Glad or sorrowful, grave or gay,
Varying signature each new day,
And the master-musician we seek and find
In the wild, weird, wonderful, wanton Wind!

EVELYN H. M. GLOVER.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
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In the next issue of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL will be commenced a Tale of striking interest, entitled

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING,

BY

GUY BOOTHBY,

Author of *Doctor Nikola*; *Billy Binks—Hero*, &c.

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